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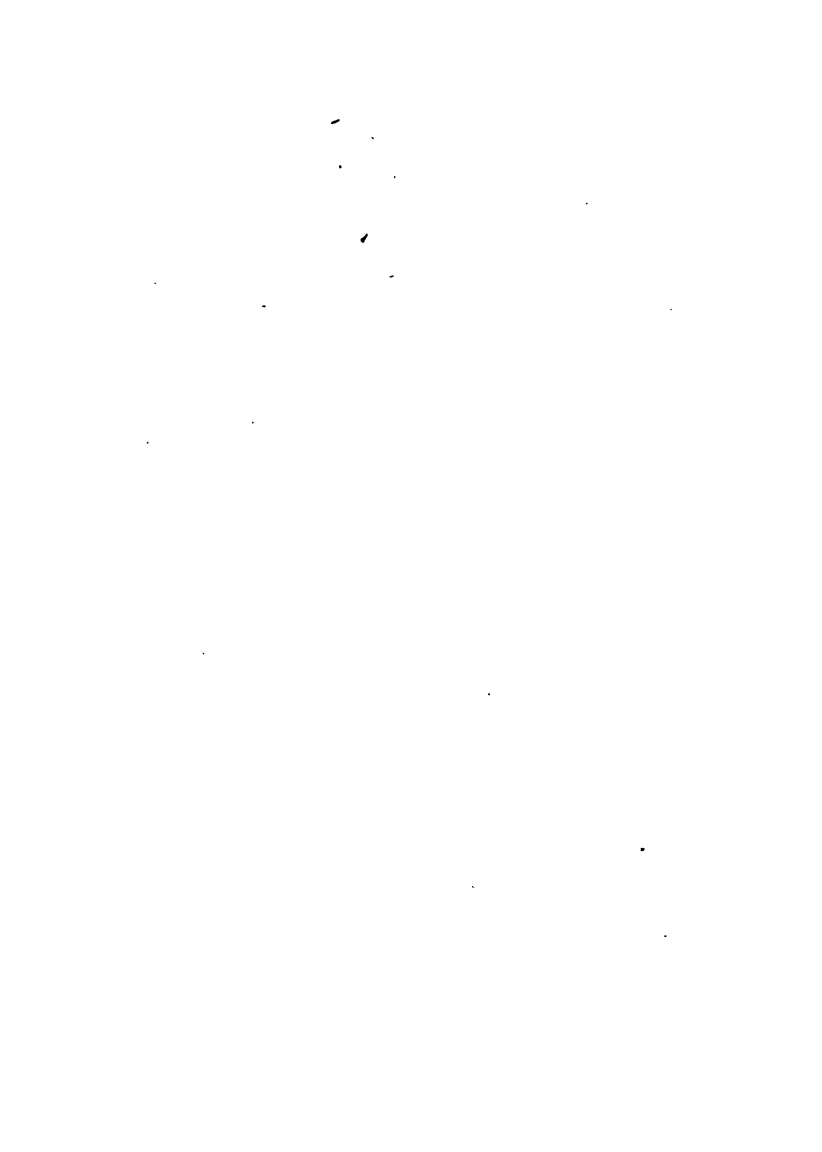






1771

1772



THE
PUBLISHED

ASTORIA
TILE



THE
CASKET;
A
LITERARY PRESENT
FOR
YOUTH.

LONDON:
W. MARSHALL, 1, HOLBORN BARS.

1834.

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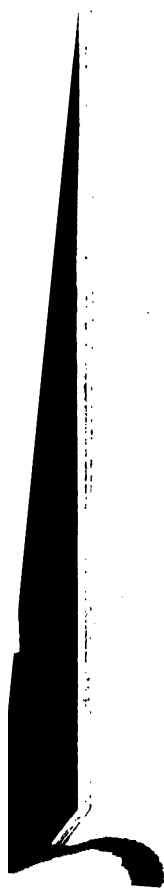
CONTENTS.

	Page
The Mourner of the Burial-place of Pere la Chase	1
Indifference	9
A Birth-day Meditation	10
Thoughts... ..	11
The Cottage Door	12
I think of thee	14
Think of me	17
The Devoted Sister	18
Love and Friendship	25
A Portrait	26
Evening	27
Mary's Evening Sigh	29
The Last Man	31
Common Sense Explained	35
The Favourite Pigeon	36
Second Love	38

P	The Tribute Money
P	War Scenes... ..
P	Life, Hope, and Death
P	A Reflection at Sea
P	Dirge of a Child
P	On a Tear
P	The Orphan's Complaint
P	Christ bearing the Cross
P	Lines, on revisiting the Scenes of Infancy and Childhood
P	Lines, occasioned by a Nest being destroyed, and the Bi
P	sitting disconsolate on the spot for some days ...
P	The Poetic Wreath

CONTENTS.

A New Year's Day Song	PAGE 69
An Extraordinary Lady	71
Field Flowers	73
Friendship	74
Enigma (Shadow)	75
Sir Walter Scott	76
The Parted,	77
Lyrics of Home	91
The Brigand and his Wife	93
Charade (Pine-Apple)	95
I saw him on the Mountain	97
The Benefit of the Doubt	98
Enigma (a Violet)	104
Charade (Lovage).. .. .	105
The Deserted Wife	106
Music	107
Time	108
Mazeppa.. .. .	109
My Own	110
The Headsman's Tale	111
The Old English Gentleman	116
Domestic Tragedy	118
✓ Prejudice, the Spider of the Mind	120
Mazeppa	121
Night's Fairest Flower	123
Enigma, (a Bed)	123
The Bashful Man.. .. .	124
Very Wrong	130
She lived for Love alone	131
Shape of the Earth, its Size and Density	132





1

THE CASKET.

THE MOURNER

OF THE

BURIAL PLACE OF PERE LA CHAISE.

THE moment I entered this tranquil, and beautiful, and sacred spot, the busy hum of the gay city was behind me, the world was, as it were, "shut out," and a pensive but happy feeling came over me as I wandered through its paths, or strayed every now and then into its recesses,—to read the epitaphs by which the living sought to perpetuate the memory of the dead,—to inhale the odours of the fresh flowers, and to admire the care and taste with which the little mounds were cultivated.

But what particularly engaged my attention, and most delighted me, was the simple, yet elegant manner in which the silent inhabitants of the garden were recorded by their surviving relatives and

nor was anything more necessary to speak
of some bereaved mother for a dear
or some lone husband for a beloved wife
her was engraven this sentence—"Add
it was impossible to pass it without reflecting
young."—Good she might have been, but
happy—but young she was—and in her young
taken. I stood over a comparatively happy
old, in few words, the story of one who
and spoke impressively of—"La belle
ses fautes et ses regrets." While I reflected
fate of this hapless creature, and pictured
one whose sorrows and whose suffering
end, a young female passed rather hastily
Her garb was almost English, sufficient
me, at a rapid glance, that she was not
a sojourner in the land. She carried

trees to the right, a voice singing, lowly and indistinctly, the following lines :—

No tablet marks my father's grave,
To wake remembrance of the dead ;
Nor yew nor cypress sadly wave
Their branches o'er his humble bed ;
But there is one whose constant tread
All round the spot hath left a trace,
Watching the flowers spring up to shed
Their fragrance round his dwelling place.

Perchance the spirit lingers near
The grave in which the body lies ;
In life he loved his daughter dear,
And now may listen to her sighs.
Oh ! hear her fervent pray'r arise,
Oh ! guide her through each path of ill,
Till, leading home beyond the skies,
Thou art her guardian angel still.

I approached the young woman, whose voice I heard so sweetly rising above those of the other, but less pensive, warblers of the garden, and found it was the individual who had passed me a few minutes before, and whose appearance so much pleased and interested me.

We had no difficulty in becoming acquainted with each other, for she at once perceived that I was an

ained the impress of her knees, was a native
‘noble and beloved island.’”

Under the shadow of some neighbouring
were soon seated; and while her father's gaze
in her view, she was led to tell me some
stances connected with his history. There
then the most simple and common-place
acquire an importance, and create an interest
credible to those who are unable to enter
feelings to which they owe their influence,
as their being. The story of this young
although it varied little from those that are
any occurrence) made an impression on me
which will not be easily erased.

“Her father,” she said, “was a native of
England, but having been rather early in-
volved in difficulties and dangers, with w

would merely inform me, that her mother died soon after her birth, and that he had remained a widower for his daughter's sake. They had lived without separation for a day; they had met the troubles and shared the enjoyments of life with each other; and they had existed as if they both had but one heart and one wish, until the father was summoned and the daughter was left.

"It is for him I mourn, Sir," she said, "but I trust my sorrow is that of grateful remembrance, and not of vain repining. I hope and believe that I am resigned to the will of Him who is my father's Father, as well as mine.

"Although it would be idle in me to occupy your attention," she continued, "by any account of the *life* of him who lies beneath yonder mound of clay, it may be well to tell you somewhat of his death, for his last moments may teach a lesson to more than one."

I expressed my earnest wish to hear some particulars of that which I felt assured could have been no common event; and after she had pointed to a seat somewhat nearer to her father's grave, she stated them to me.

"Sir," said she, "the last time we walked out together, we entered into this peaceful dwelling of the

“ ‘Rosalie, my child, my only child
are those who know there is a home beyo
of clay ; a home, to which death is but :

“ I listened, but neither strove to lessen
the feeling which told him, too truly, he
for this world. My heart would not k
one, nor my reason the other. I saw that
were bent on heaven, and I could not pe
of earth to come between them and it.

“ He went home, and laid on the bed,
he did not again arise. I never shall forge
ing of his death. The casement of his litt
was open, and the sun was shining beaut
his pillow—an emblem of that Providenc
‘no respecter of persons,’ but which shineth
desolate and the solitary, as well as on the
the great.

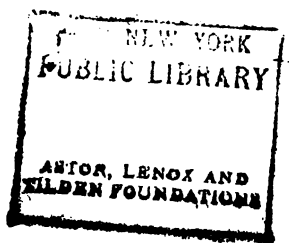
for all my blessings I never gave the Almighty the return he asks—a grateful heart. As years advanced, I became scarcely less careful of the things that endure when others have departed—less worthy even than the man who had his lord’s talents. I had many which I employed worthlessly, and never to his glory. Time is passing, and eternity is near. I will not spend the little breath remaining, to tell you how worthlessly I lived, until I became an alien alike from my God and my country. Reflexion did not come soon,—long, long, I rebelled,—blessed be God, it did come at length; and now I have nothing left to do on earth but to prepare to render my soul into the hands of God, to beseech his blessing on a dear and dutiful daughter, and to shew that daughter how a Christian can die.’

“He pressed my hand gently—there was a smile on his features, and his lips murmured, as if he was endeavouring to breathe another blessing on me, and to express again his confidence in the Almighty. He murmured forth the name of the Redeemer, and, without a sigh or groan, expired.”

When the young female had concluded this account, she rose from her seat; “and now, Sir,” said she, “you will please to leave me, that I may return to the daily duty from which the sight of an Englishman

... was an intruder on
onward towards another part
to return when I conceived he
performed, to ask her other c
and herself.

It is a circumstance which .
I live, that the mazes of the c
and it was not until nearly tw
I again found the exile's gra
neatly smoothened all around
blooming sweetly; and some
leaves sent their fragrance towa
exile's daughter was gone; and
which I could trace her out fro
thousands of the crowded city,
her was my last.



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INDIFFERENCE.

BY THE REV. R. POLWHELE.

How dreadful to affliction is thy look,
 Indifference! Who can brook,
 Where he expected sympathy,
 The cold *repulsive eye*?
 Where all is openness—*reserve*?
 Where grief is eager to pour out its store,
 The glance that tells us, "Say no more"?
 It is too much
 For feeling to encounter, and not die!
 'Tis the torpedo touch
 Upon the trembling, shuddering, nerve
 Of sensibility!
 That nerve must shiver! To its thrilling
 There must succeed an icy chilling!
 And the twinkling flame
 Of life must faint away,
 And leave the mortal frame
 Fit only for the grave;
 Unless full soon a pitying ray
 From sweet Eliza re-illumine the clay—
 Unless an angel save!

A BIRTH-DAY MEDITATION.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

Is this the day that gave me birth ?
Returning year by year,
Still, as a stranger on the earth,
It finds and leaves me here.

But, oh ! the day, the day draws nigh,
When I must hence depart,
Leave all things pleasant to the eye,
Or precious to the heart.

Where shall my lonely spirit then
Flee from the failing breath ?
Alas ! I must be born again,
Or die a tenfold death !

While everlasting ages roll
Without a change away,
My ransom'd, or my ruin'd soul,
Shall bless or curse this day.

Lord Jesus, who thyself wast born
To live and die for me,
Thy doctrine may my life adorn,—
Death take me home to thee.

THOUGHTS.

BY MR. WORDSWORTH. .

HAST thou seen, with flash incessant,
Bubbles gliding under ice,
Bodied forth, and evanescent,
No one knows by what device?

Such are thoughts—a wind-swept meadow
Mimicking a troubled sea :
Such is life—and death a shadow
From the rock Eternity.

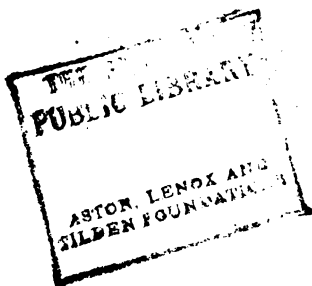
CHILDHOOD ! as the la
When the dew is on the
As the cheerful voice of
Many a sun-smile prone
As the rainbow's colour
Gentle as the dawning
And as wandering breeze
Whispering o'er the silv
While we gaze on scene
How returns thy long-p
And those thornless plea
Ere thy fairy power had
'Neath the elm's broad s
Gazing on the cloudless
Where the stream stole
'Neath the willow's tang
To behold the



Published by J. P. & Co.

J. P. & Co. 1841.

THE COTTAGE DOOR.



With no look of longing cast
Backward on the faded past,
And no thought of pain or sorrow
Darkening the expected morrow.

Though but in the painter's thought
Lived the group thus fairly wrought,
And with tints which fancy bore,
Decked his hand the Cottage Door,
In our land of pleasant glades,
'Neath the oak's embowering shades,
Or the beech's vista green,
Many a group as fair is seen ;
And to us, though youth's sweet spring
Long in flight has spread its wing,
Grateful should the thought be still,
That, unchecked by dread of ill,
Thousands at this hour possess
Hopes as gay in fancy's dress,—
Thoughts as peaceful, dreams as bright,
Sports as suited to delight,
As with cheering power abode
Once beside our onward road,
And, in well-remembered hours,
Ere regret had birth, were ours.

H.

I THINK O

BY MR. CAM

I THINK of thee—I think
And all that thou hast b
In hours of gloom or he
I think of thee—I think

When fiercest rage the st
And all around is desolat
I pour on life's tempestu
The oil of peace—with th

Where fortune frowns, and
And summer-friends in so
A Timon, from the world
My wreck of wealth—swa

I think of thee—I think and sigh
O'er blighted years, and bliss gone by ;
And mourn the stern, severe decree,
That spared me only thoughts of thee !

In youth's gay spring, 'mid pleasure's bow'rs,
Where all is sunshine, mirth, and flow'rs,
We met :—I bent th' adoring knee
And told a tender tale to thee !

'Twas summer's eve—the heavens above,
Earth, ocean, air were full of love,—
Nature around kept jubilee
When first I breathed that tale to thee !

The crystal clouds that hung on high
Were blue as thy delicious eye ;
The stirless shore, and sleeping sea,
Seem'd emblems of repose and thee !

I spoke of hope—I spoke of fear ;
Thy answer was a blush and tear ;
But this was eloquence to me,
And more than I had ask'd of thee !

I look'd into thy dewy eye,
And echoed thy half-stifled sigh;
I clasped thy hand, and vow'd to be
The soul of love and truth to thee!

The scene and hour have past—yet still
Remains a deep impassion'd thrill;
A sun-set glow on memory,
That kindles at each thought of thee!

We lov'd—how wildly, and how well,
'Twere worse than idle now to tell;
From love and life alike thou'rt free,
And I am left to think of thee!

Though years, long years have darkly sped
Since thou wert number'd with the dead,
In fancy oft thy form I see;
In dreams at least I'm still with thee:

Thy beauty, helplessness, and youth,—
Thy hapless fate—untiring truth,
Are spells that often touch the key
Of sweet harmonious thoughts of thee!

The bitter frowns of friends estrang'd,—
The chilling straits of fortune, chang'd ;
All this—and more—thou'st borne for me—
Then how can I be false to thee ?

I never will :—I'll think of thee
Till fails the power of memory ;
In weal or woe—in gloom or glee—
I'll think of thee—I'll think of thee !



THINK OF ME.

FAREWELL !—and never think of me
In lighted hall or lady's bow'r !
Farewell ! and never think of me
In spring sunshine, or summer hour !

But when you see a lonely grave
Just where a broken heart might be,
With not one mourner by its sod,
Then—and then only—THINK OF ME.

TER.

ror."

district called
y termed, Bar-
aquary it pos-
nhabitants are
lers who con-
ary the Second;
iners and their
e easily distin-
the surrounding
spot, and in a
ony, lived James
l and esteemed
le was "full of
happy; for th
early half a c
be uninterru

His wife
ice numerou

mily, two only remained to him :—Mary, the eldest, who was considered, among her simple neighbours, as a prodigy of learning and beauty ; and her brother John, a fine spirited lad of seventeen, gay and thoughtless, as all boys are, before they have mingled with the world, to taste of its sorrow, or be infected by its taint. On the Sabbath-day, James Corish, with his silver hair falling over his shoulders, accompanied by his two children,—the one with her dark tresses carefully looped up by a bodkin under her straw hat, and her short, bright scarlet petticoat that displayed her white Sunday stockings ; the other, with his light curls and laughing blue eyes,—formed a group of no common interest, as they ascended the little slope that led to Rahaspeck church.

When it was deemed necessary to preserve the peace of the country, by raising militia regiments, young Corish was obliged to leave his happy home and repair to Wexford. “God bless you ! my only boy,” sobbed his old father ; “it’s like spilling one’s own blood, to fight against one’s neighbours ; but, God bless you, boy ! do your duty, as your father did before you ; only remember, a Protestant soldier need not be an Orangeman.” Mary neither spoke nor wept ; but she pushed the curling locks from off her brother’s brow, and mournfully gazed upon it ;

was lost in the twilight mist as he
mountain of Forth.

The rebellion of 1798 commenced.
of the Protestant and the Catholic were
by rebel hordes, or no less lawless s
ties of friendship and of kindred we
garded in a war so unnatural ; brother
brother, and fathers were not unfrequ
the ranks fighting against their sons.
Superstition ruled over many minds, :
to deeds of bloodshed those who, be
the “reign of terror,” were gentle and
breath of spring.

Under these circumstances, old Jame
was a marked man, because he was a l
had a son who was a soldier—saved hi
ing the country, and removing to Ro

the rebels, and that the soldiers had been massacred. Again a report reached her, that her brother was a prisoner in the barn of Scullabogue, and that the barn was to be set on fire, either that night or the next. She inquired no further; but without entrusting her plan, wild and impracticable as it appeared, to any one, she wrapped her blue mantle round her, and, with a firm step, and resolute eye, though with a blanched cheek, she passed the guard of Ross. The shades of evening were over her, yet the intrepid girl pursued her noiseless way towards the prison, or, perhaps, the grave of her brother. When about eight miles from Ross, she heard the trampling of horses; they drew nearer and nearer, and, for the first time, the necessity of avoiding the high road occurred to her. She then concealed herself behind some furze, and, as they passed, their suppressed voices, and disordered appearance, informed her to what party they belonged. She next trod her path across the country, over the matted common, and through the swampy moor, nor did her strength fail her until within three or four miles of Scullabogue.

The grey mist of morning had succeeded the night, and the thrush and black-bird were hailing the dawning day, as Mary sank down exhausted on the green sward. "Good God!" she exclaimed, while the

distance, and, with despatch
towards the spot, unfastened
it round the animal, formed
Accustomed, as all Irish
of the horse, she easily
having previously converted
into a bridle, at a fearless
the main road; encountered
passed them, by stating she
of the band; and at length
door.

The guards were roused
trampling of the horse, an
astonishment, if not with
denly before them. She was
and seemed like the being
her raven locks flowing over

eye on one young man, who was eagerly coming forward, distinguished from the rest by a green feather and cockade. "And you, Jasper," said the distracted girl, "*you* here, a commander? You know *me* well. The fire blazed for you, the house sheltered you, the welcome smiled for you, at my father's house, since we were children. I have left my father, Jasper, and have come all alone to ask these men my brother's life, or to tell them I will die with him."—"You are mad, Mary!" was the reply, "I cannot save him if I would. *You* I can save; but as for John, there is too much Orange blood among us already."—"Let me see him, then, let me see John once,—only *once* more."

The young officer motioned to the sentry, who entered the barn, and in a few minutes returned from amid crowds of famishing and death-doomed creatures, with John Corish.

Expecting that he had been led forth to die, he stood a fainting, bleeding, half-naked shadow, before the gaze of his agonized sister; and almost sunk to the earth at the sight of his dear Mary. Many an eye, accustomed to blood and death, wept at the heart-rending scene. In an instant she collected her energies. "Now, mark me, boys," said the resolute girl, as she half turned from her brother, whom she

claim to her dying brother, let
through my heart, or burn me
supernatural strength, she bore
horse," and, placing him on
behind.

"Your pass-word, Jasper!"

He told it, and in a few mi
had passed the out-posts on he
The horse was fleet of foot, and
encountered a party of the
Fookes's Mill, who accompanied
old father rejoiced in a son and
his lately desolate hearth. By
John recovered; but Mary, po
fered. The barn was burned t
hundred living beings perished
per, whom she loved, and wou

comfort, she often rambles round the country, and frequently mounts a stray horse, to save, as she says, her brother's life. She is much respected ; and, in all her wanderings, maintains a superiority of deportment over the cottagers around her. She is affectionately kind to children, and never fails to share with them the little delicacies she receives from the hands of those who know her history. Yet Mary is a maniac. Her raven tresses have been long since blanched ; but her fine black eye is still unimpaired in lustre, though it gazes with vacancy.

A. M. H.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

From the German.

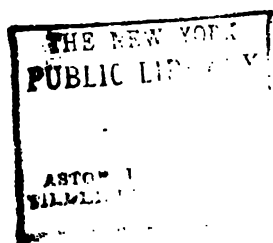
Love is like the shadow, seen
When the sun first lights the skies,
Stretching then o'er all the green,
But dwindling as each moment flies.

Friendship is the shadow, thrown
When the day its noon has past,
Increasing, as life's sun goes down,
E'en till it has looked its last.

PALE, yet not sickly, is his cheek ;
Smooth and expanded, as a waveless
His mild blue eye is not without its
But 'tis a temper'd light, that tells o
Like summer lightning on a tranqui
His mouth, at rest, might tempt the
And, tempting, baffle ; but the pain
When, variable as ocean's light and :
It gives the rapid movements of the :
Though I have learnt that many a tr
Expands its smoothness o'er a troubl
Like snow on the volcano's summit s
Yet smiles like his come only from th
Of bosoms hush'd in purity and peace
As those soft dimples



The Debut



Attracts the gaze : yet he who once has gazed,
He knows not why, is drawn to look again,
And feels a nameless charm that wins upon him,
With something new, still every time he looks,
Till he accuses his dull, noteless eye,
That mark'd not all, it now beholds, before.
Aye, but the mind—oh ! what a pale reflex
Is even that countenance of such a mind !

* * * * *

~~~~~

## EVENING.

How sweet to tread the vernal wood  
When night approaches with its train,  
And the sweet calm of solitude  
Diffuses wide its peaceful reign !

How sweet to linger in its shade,  
And evening's sweet perfume inhale ;  
While Philomela's serenade  
Is floating on the balmy gale !

Arches the sky with glowing red

How sweet to stroll where Nature  
With gayest livery decks the earth  
Then touch'd with contemplation  
And far remote from scenes of m

How sweet to indulge fantastic thought  
And dream of happiness to come  
The beauty of the sweet resort  
Dispelling unpropitious gloom !

And then, when Luna's silvery rays  
The dusky clouds of night dispel,  
And her refulgent lamp displays,  
To bid th' Elysian spot—farewell.

## MARY'S EVENING SIGH.

BY R. BLOOMFIELD.

WITH lovely pearl the western sky  
Is glowing far and wide,  
And yon light golden clouds that fly  
So slowly side by side,—  
The deepening tints, the arch of light,  
E'en I with rapture see ;  
And sigh, and bless the charming sight  
That lures my love from me.

O hill, that shad'st the valley here,  
Thou bear'st on thy green brow  
The only wealth to Mary dear,  
And all she'll ever know.  
Full in the crimson light I see  
Above thy summit rise  
My Edward's form ;—he looks to me  
A statue in the skies.



Descend, my love,—the hour is come  
Why linger on the hill ?  
The sun hath left my quiet home,  
But thou canst see him still ;  
Yet, why a lonely wanderer stray ?  
Alone thy joy pursue ?  
The glories of the closing day  
Can charm thy Mary too !

O Edward, when we stroll'd along,  
Beneath the waving corn,  
And both confess'd the power of song,  
And bless'd the dewy morn ;  
To thy fond words my heart replied,  
(My presence then could move,)  
“ How sweet, with Mary by my side,  
To gaze and talk of love !”

Thou art not false ;—that cannot be !—  
Yet I my rivals deem  
Each woodland charm, the moss, the tree  
The silence, and the stream.  
If these, my love, detain thee now,  
I'll yet forgive thy stay ;  
But with to-morrow's dawn, come thou—  
We'll brush the dews away.

## THE LAST MAN.

BY T. CAMPBELL, ESQ.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,  
The sun himself must die,  
Before this mortal shall assume  
Its immortality !  
I saw a vision in my sleep,  
That gave my spirit strength to sweep  
Adown the gulph of time !  
I saw the last of human mould  
That shall Creation's death behold,  
As Adam saw her prime.

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,  
The earth with age was wan,  
The skeletons of nations were  
Around that lonely man !  
Some had expir'd in fight,—the brands  
Still rusted in their bony hands ;

To shores where all was dumb.  
Its piteous pageants bring not back,  
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack  
Of pain anew to writhe;  
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhor'd,  
Or mown in battle, by the sword,  
Like grass beneath the scythe.

E'en I am weary in yo skies  
To watch thy fading fire;  
Test of all sumless agonies,  
Behold not me expire.  
My lips, that speak thy dirge of death,  
Their rounded gasp, and gurgling breath  
To see thou shalt not boast.  
Th' eclipse of nature spreads my pall,—  
The majesty of darkness shall  
Receive my parting shout!

No ! it shall live again, and shine  
In bliss unknown to beams of time,  
By Him recall'd to breath,  
Who captive lead captivity,  
Who robb'd the grave of victory,  
And took the sting from death !

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,  
With dauntless words and high,  
That shook the sear leaves from the wood,  
As if a storm pass'd by ;  
Saying,—We are twins in death, proud sun ;  
Thy face is cold,—thy race is run :  
'Tis mercy bids thee go.  
For thou ten thousand thousand years  
Hast seen the tide of human tears,  
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth  
His pomp, his pride, his skill ;  
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,  
The vassals of his will ;—  
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,  
Thou dim discrowned king of day :

So let oblivion's curtain fall  
Upon the stage of men,  
Nor with thy rising beams recall  
Life's tragedy again.  
Go, sun, while mercy holds in  
On nature's awful waste,  
To drink this last and bitter cup  
Of grief that man shall taste  
Go, tell the night that hides the  
Thou saw'st the last of Adam  
On earth's sepulchral clod,  
The darkening universe defy  
To quench his immortality,  
Or shake his trust in God!

## COMMON SENSE EXPLAINED.

---

“ HE must be a poor creature, indeed,” says a lively writer, “ whose practical convictions do not, in almost all cases, outrun his deliberate understanding, or who does not feel and know much more than he can give a reason for. Hence the distinction between eloquence and wisdom, between ingenuity and common sense. A man may be dexterous and able in explaining the grounds of his opinion, and yet may be a mere sophist, because he only sees one-half of a subject. Another may feel the whole weight of a question ; nothing relating to it may be lost upon him ; and yet he may be unable to give any account of the manner in which it affects him, or to drag his reasons from their silent lurking places. This last will be a wise man, though neither a logician, nor a rhetorician. Common sense is the just result of the sum total of such unconscious impressions, in the ordinary occurrences of life, as they are treasured up by the memory and called out by the occasion. Genius and taste depend much upon the same principle, exercised in loftier ground, and in more unusual combinations.”

## THE FAVOURITE PIGEON

---

WOULD that I had wings like thine,  
Gentle bird, to mount afar,  
Where the glist'ning cloudwreaths sh  
Where the morn's fair chambers s  
O'er the heaving ocean's breast,  
O'er the stately hills to roam,  
And, when felt the wish for rest,  
Scarce to seek, ere find my hom  
  
Rock, nor stream, nor mountain h  
Sternly reared, obstructs thy wa  
" 11

*A House, 1841, 1842.*

THE FAVOURITE FLOREN.

*J. A. P. 1841, 1842.*





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ASTOR LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Many a green sequestered spot,  
Far retired in shadowy dells,  
Where the keen axe echoes not,  
And the musing silence dwells,  
While thou passest, smiles more bright  
With its many-tinted flowers ;  
And to lure thee in thy flight  
Gentler waves its fairy bowers.

And if tempests darken nigh,  
And the storm-cloud sweeps the hill,  
Soaring to a purer sky,  
Thou canst bask in sunlight still.  
Wandering careless—fearless—free,  
Like a thing of life divine ;  
Oh ! that such my lot might be—  
Would that I had wings like thine.

## A SECOND LOVE.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT—JULIA,

" All passion's depth, without its violence—  
All the soul's strength, without its hurricane."

MORVEN FITZGERALD was an Irishman. He possessed his national powers of pleasing in their full force; elegantly modelled, warm, generous, and sincere, he was the idol of his circle. Nature had lavished of her bounties to him, and education and refinement had completed the work. But with all a country's attractions, he possessed also its quick susceptibility of insult, and its still keener sense of wrong. Fitzgerald, in all save his attachments, was a sport of circumstance, tremblingly alive to every shadow of neglect, to every shade of change. In these feelings, he had loved—loved to distraction with that intensity of passion which absorbs the energies of heart, of soul, and being, in its own excessive depths. Beautiful, young, and fascinating, Selima Murray, won her way at once from the e

the heart of Morven ; she too could love as fondly, but not as faithfully, and while the affection of Fitzgerald, like a beacon-light, always cast its refulgence on the self-same spot, her's, like the wave beneath, brightened an instant in the lustre, and then dashed from its ray. 'Twas not that she did not love, but that she did not love like Morven. They parted !—Alas ! what can blight a young and devoted heart like such a parting ?

Emmeline St. Maur was a young and timid girl of nineteen, with hair of the richest auburn, and eyes of the softest hazel. Fitzgerald loved her as a sister : but what were her blushing cheek and gentle voice, to one who had looked, and listened, and loved Lady Selima Murray ? It was but as a moonlit landscape contrasted with noon-tide refulgence—a simple violet vieing with a rose. Fitzgerald's heart was bruised but not broken. There was happiness in the gentle courtesies of Emmeline. “Beauty, though it no longer charm, can yet soothe,” said Morven, and Miss St. Maur, with quiet alacrity, became his physician. Woe to the unwary leech, who, in tending a patient, looks not to his own safety, and imbibes the infection !

Emmeline looked at her watch—the hand pointed to the hour of nine ; she almost fancied Fitzgerald late, although she was aware he could not pre-

awaken the other. "Time lags to-night!"  
Miss St. Maur, when foot-falls on the stairs  
the pulses of her heart, and deepened  
her cheek. "It is certainly Mr. Fitzgibbon  
his step," she said mentally; when the  
tendant threw open the door, she turned to  
her aunt, Lady Mary Bingley! Lady Mary was  
precisely one of those worldly women with  
little sentimental sensibility to offer to  
quaintance, and profound feeling to bestow.  
She did not perceive that Miss St. Maur was  
melancholy, for she did not actually weep,  
not that she was not at ease, for Emmeline  
of her nerves; and her aunt, neither with  
nor hearing complaints, was satisfied with  
niece alive and before her, and asked no questions.

One half-hour had filtered through the  
and Lady Mary

he bent over the hand which Emmeline extended to him, his eye filled with the tear of memory, blended with somewhat of a sweeter feeling.

A conversation, sustained with difficulty on either side, at length died into a silence still more oppressive; and eager to terminate the embarrassing stillness, Miss St. Maur threw her arm across the chords of her instrument: she was mistress of the science of music,—she knew the tone of mind of the melancholy mourner whom she thought to soothe, and she felt that the light strains of mirth were ill-fitted to such a purpose. She awoke sounds as wild and as sorrowing as his feelings—awoke them, until her own soul seemed blending with the chords, and that of Fitzgerald appeared flying to greet them as they murmured past him. Lady Selima Murray, too, had touched her harp for him in the days of their affection, but her's were the fearless flights of genius; the strings flew from beneath her fingers as though they fled only to be again struck and again forsaken; but Emmeline's was the very softening of the breeze, when it sweeps along the cheek of some slumbering infant—the chords seemed to woo the finger that pressed them, and scarcely bounded from the touch. The one was the pealing of genius, the other the soul of sound.

mused, "has a countenance more perfect  
are deeper, and her cheeks more glowing, and  
looks the placid serenity and heavenly expression  
Miss St. Maur. Were mine a wandering  
here that I would bid it rest for ever; but  
of love are passed for me," he mentally  
"withered never to rebloom!" The reflection  
him of a sigh. Emmeline heard it, as it broke  
the low deep chords of her harp; she heard  
unwittingly looked up. A tear, the offspring  
own thoughts, glistened in her eye,—then  
turned on Morven, and with the sudden  
motion, the tear fell upon her cheek.

"I can never love again!" sighed Fitz  
himself, but the sigh was this time faint  
conviction less strong.

Morven Fitzgerald entered Mr. St. Maur's

dissipate, painful as the effort had been to force that smile.

"Bear with me, Miss St. Maur," said Fitzgerald, as he became more and more conscious of his own abstraction, "bear with me, I implore you,—and pity, but do not despise me."

"Despise you, Mr. Fitzgerald!" echoed Emmeline, as Morven rose, and with rapid but uncertain steps traversed the vast apartment.

"Yes, I feel that I am, indeed, despicable," replied Fitzgerald, throwing a ticket upon the table to Miss St. Maur,—“a thing to scoff at, when such a toy as that can thus unman me.”

Emmeline glanced at the ticket; “A masquerade!” she exclaimed, “and the Countess de la Frivolage—the name is strange to me.”

“And yet the goddess of the projected revel is far from being so,” said Morven, in an accent whose forced composure made it heavy and unnatural. “Have you forgotten, Miss St. Maur, the Lady Selima Murray, whose witcheries won a fond heart, and whose falsehood blighted it? She departed for the continent,”—he pursued, heedless of the agitation of his auditor, and too proud to yield to his own,—“fled from England to learn forgetfulness of her own falsehood, and of his folly whom it had wrecked.”



... .. eager to mingle again with  
fashion, she has returned to London  
idol of my once happy heart, the day-  
existence, she is queen of these  
revels! Pardon my emotion, Miss S  
continued, struggling to subdue his feel  
vain that I strive to be the cold and se  
that fashion would have made me. I s  
nishment; and oh!" he added, pressing  
his flushed and throbbing brow, "I  
concealed my weakness from you—I l  
long—I thought to do it always—I  
much—I have smiled while I suffered—I  
amid my agony, when every nerve v  
to bursting. I have looked on you, I  
have gazed on your calm and cloudless c  
till I have almost deemed it impossible  
bide its tranquillity. I have seen it

flower-girl—the idea is sickening. I think I could have forgiven her all but this, or I could have forgiven this in all but her. But I cannot forget how gentle, how pure, how devoted I once thought her; memory, like a hedge-burz, clings to me still, and only adheres more closely when I strive to shake it off. The last hold she had on my heart is rent for ever. She will not heed it, and to me it should—it shall be a welcome emancipation? But, Miss St. Maur, I am forgetting all save my own sorrows—grief is selfish. I meant to apologize for my vehemence, and I have but increased the necessity.”

Emmeline faltered out a few inarticulate words. “I feel,” pursued Morven, “all that you would say—all the kindness of your pardon. I read it on every feature of your expressive countenance; gentle, excellent, and lovely as you are, may you never, never feel the bitterness of another’s falsehood.” He buried his face in his hands. She *was* so artless, so tender, or I thought her so, and now—censure me for this passion gust, Miss St. Maur—reason with me, and I shall be convinced; but thus left to myself I can only feel and suffer.”

“Mr. Fitzgerald,” said Emmeline, with a pale cheek, and in an accent of calm earnestness, “in making such a request, you invest me with an au-

thus the sport of circumstance, and is it  
strange that a woman is subject to the  
ness? Would you that her whose acti  
censure, should retain, when the wife  
tastes and feelings which were of your o  
and but exotics to her own heart?  
honourable for such a wish. If she  
every latent link which yet clung arou  
and resigned it, unsullied by the wreck  
passion, to its new lord, has she not d  
nobly, I will not say. If she could c  
change, Mr. Fitzgerald, it became her  
utterly regretless in that change; that  
thus is her least cause of censure. :  
Fitzgerald, may shake off every tie, the  
partner in the task; new cares, new  
pleasures, woo him back to freedom;

has effected a self-conquest—it remains for you to imitate her.”

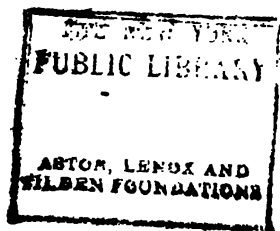
“Miss St. Maur,” murmured Morven, “I thank you for your candour, though my heart bleeds from it still.” He paused a moment, and then added, hurriedly, “Emmeline, you are the child of affluence and happiness; you have no cares—no pangs; the world is Eden to you, and all its paths are roses; who then so unlikely to reject an offering, because it carried not with it the glare of gladsomeness? Emmeline, will you despise the offering—will you scorn a heart whose weaknesses, and regrets, and feelings, are all known to you; which promises not the first rush of love, for that is past—the first fervour of passion, for that has long died away; but an affection which will last for ever—a tenderness that will never change?”

Emmeline spoke not; her ideas were confused and indistinct, and she sat with her eyes fixed on Morven with death-like intensity.

“Emmeline!” exclaimed Fitzgerald, throwing his arms around her, “say only that you will learn to love me, and my whole life shall be one day of gratitude. Emmeline, say but one word of gentleness—but one.” Miss St. Maur struggled to obey him, but she could not, and yet Morven read hope in her

“Fondly! devotedly!” replied Miss in an accent of tenderness; “I have not n  
*how* I can love you!”

“Emmeline, deceive me not,” said  
“only say that you will be mine, and tin  
derness will, I trust, win for me an inte  
pure heart. Now I expect not all its a  
in this first wreck of joy I feel how val  
be a love like mine.”—“Morven,” inter  
St. Maur, emphatically, “have I dealt so  
you, that you doubt the first assertion  
made? Morven,” she added with clas  
“if ever woman loved, I am that wom  
woman nursed an apparently hopeless pa  
Emmeline St. Maur. Had I loved unw  
conviction of my weakness would have  
blush even in the solitude of my chamb





"I had hoped that our parting was more distant, my Emmeline," said the old man with a smile ; "but I will not be selfish ;" — a tear glistened in the smile as he continued, "had I sought, throughout the world, a husband for my daughter, I may proudly say, that on Morven Fitzgerald would have fallen my choice !"

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## THE TRIBUTE MONEY.

I. HILL.

**SEE**, how devoid of selfishness *He* stands,  
Divinely prescient of all stratagem,  
And yet rebuking not his cunning foes.  
Learn, ye Ambitious, from his brief reply,  
Ere ye command respect, to pay it justly.  
How simple is true Wisdom ! it defeats,  
Disarms the crafty, caught in their own net.  
How politic, beyond all laboured art,  
Is Candour—doubly so, to Meekness wed !



Conviction, comfort shine,—a star—  
Each but a point, and yet a saving guide

Take tribute of me, Monarch of my *case*  
My sole wealth bears thine Image. My  
Thy superscription stamps mine humble  
And, therefore, is it rendered unto thee.  
But set *Thy* name, my Father, on this  
That it may be harmlessly useful here  
And when 'tis rendered back—sullied,  
Do Thou restore its purity and brightness  
To share the radiance of Thy throne at

## WAR SCENES.

BY SIR AUBREY DE VERE HUNT, BART.

## ——— I PASSED

The gate of a temple : it was thronged with maidens,  
 Worn out with famine doubtless—but still lovely !  
 And there they sat, and sang, and wept, and told  
 Sad stories, and wept again. I saw,  
 In an open hall, an old man of four-score  
 By his daughter fed on their last loaf—their last !  
 Aye, o'er that meal, he bless'd her, and held up  
 His aged hands, and wished her length of days,  
 And health, and happiness—thus on the edge  
 Of a sure grave ! I turned away mine eyes,  
 And, in a corner, saw a young man steal  
 The cool spring draught from his faint, dying mother,  
 And drink ! Thus misery deforms our nature !

\* \* \* \* \*

We soldiers

Have but hard hearts at best ; yet there was one

She had a baby in her arms, and moved  
Slow, with unsteady step, her head declin  
She heard me as she passed, and languidly  
Stopped, and, all trembling, turned aside to  
Oh ! what a look she gave then ! her dim e  
Sunk in their livid chambers, and half hid  
'Neath the incumbent lids, were fixed on m  
With most intense, painful anxiety ;  
Tears started, and she turned unto her child  
Kissed it, and wept ;—then turned to me a  
And seemed with her disparted lips to drin  
E'en the last word I uttered. There was a  
An air that shew'd she had been beautiful,  
And knew it,—and a something that denot  
Station and breeding ; and she still was yo  
But nature vainly wars with sickness : thus  
Want had anticipated time ;—the sear

As thus she looked on me, her baby cried,  
(Haply at being unnoticed,) and stretched out  
His little hands, and wound them round her neck,  
And strok'd down her poor cheek : thereat she turn'd  
And gazed upon it wildly, and sank down  
Upon her knees and prayed ; and to her bosom  
Clasped it, and hung her head, and wept aloud.



## LIFE, HOPE, AND DEATH.

BY JOHN CLARE.

AND what is Life ?—an hour-glass on the run ;  
A mist, retreating from the morning sun ;  
A busy, bustling, still-repeated dream ;—  
Its length ?—a minute's pause—a moment's thought.  
And Happiness ?—a bubble on the stream,  
That, in the act of seizing, shrinks to nought.

And what is Hope ?—the puffing gale of morn,  
That robs each flow'ret of its gem—and dies ;  
A cobweb, hiding disappointment's thorn,  
Which stings more keenly through the thin disguise.

And Peace !—where can its nappine  
Nowhere at all, save heaven, and t

---

## A REFLECTION A

BY T. MOORE, ESQ

SEE how beneath the moonbeam  
Yon little billow heaves its b  
And foams and sparkles for a  
And murmuring, then subsi

## DIRGE OF A CHILD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

No bitter tears for thee be shed,  
    Blossom of being—seen and gone !  
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,  
    Oh, blest departed one !  
Whose all of life, a rosy ray,  
    Blushed into dawn, and passed away.

Yes, thou art gone, ere guilt had power  
    To stain thy cherub soul and form !  
Clos'd is the soft ephemeral flower  
    That never felt a storm !  
The sunbeam's smile—the zephyr's breath—  
    All that it knew from birth to death.

And thou that brighter home to  
Art passed with all thy loveline

Oh ! hadst thou still on earth  
Vision of beauty, fair as bri  
How soon thy brightness had b  
With passion or with grief !  
Now not a sullyng breath can  
To dim thy glory in the skies.

We rear no marble o'er thy ton  
No sculptur'd image there sl  
Ah ! fitter far the vernal bloom  
Such dwelling to adorn.  
Fragrance, and flowers, and de  
The only emblems meet for the

Thy name shall be a blessed st

And, oh ! sometimes in visions blest,  
Sweet spirit, visit our repose,  
And bear from thine own world of rest  
Some balm for human woes.  
What form more lovely could be given  
Than thine to messenger of heaven !

---

## ON A TEAR.

BY MR. ROGERS.

O that the chemist's magic art  
Could crystalize this sacred treasure !  
Long should it glitter near my heart,  
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,  
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye ;  
Then, trembling, left its coral cell—  
The spring of sensibility.



Than any gem that glows u

Benign restorer of the soul,

Who ever fliest to bring re  
When first we feel the rude c  
Of love or pity, joy or grie

The sage's and the poet's th

In every clime, in every a  
Thou charm'st in fancy's idl  
In reason's philosophic p

That very law that moulds :

And bids it trickle from :  
That law preserves the earl  
And guides the planets i

THE ORPHAN'S COMPLAINT.

---

My father and mother, alas ! they are dead,  
And I am an orphan forlorn ;  
Oh ! where shall I lay my poor sorrowful head ?  
I grieve that I ever was born.

My mother, she clasp'd me quite close to her breast,  
And o'er me she piteously cried ;  
Then sighing, a prayer to heaven address'd—  
“ Oh ! bless my sweet darling,”—and died.

My father, poor soul, could not utter a word,  
With anguish so keen was he wrung ;  
What sighs from the depth of his bosom were heard,  
As o'er my dead mother he hung.

Both, both are entomb'd in one grave, sung the maid,  
And I am an orphan forlorn :  
Ah ! where shall I lay my poor sorrowful head ?  
I grieve that I ever was born.

# CHRIST BEARING T

I. HILL.

BENDING beneath the Cross's  
With bleeding brow,  
Still he can triumph over fate,  
And claim our wonder n  
All man may do, of death or :  
His smiles defy ;  
He soars above his tortured fin  
But Jesus cannot die !

Oh ! ye who look on this thro  
With transport moved—  
Who *know* that still He sees t  
Who *feel* yourselves help

From sordid ~~schemes~~ and frigid pride,  
 Since all most own  
 That, to these stains, and all beside,  
 Our Teacher was unknown.  
 Be not outdone by those who doubt  
 And yet revere ;  
 Who inculcate His works, without  
 The faith ye hold so dear !

There is no rapture heart can feel,  
 Of such fond fire,  
 As is the all-absorbing zeal  
 He can inspire.  
 Let passion, fortune, glory, blend  
 Their every bliss—  
 No extacies their gifts attend  
 Like that of being His !

There's no despair our souls can grieve  
 Like that of those  
 Who, loving all, would all believe,  
 Forgetting earthly woes.  
 Who, hourly told they ought and must,  
 Still lost remain—  
 Perish, endeavouring to trust,  
 And wake to endless pain !

Oh! God, my path's perplexed  
Must such doom be?  
Worshipping Thee, I honour  
And, loving Him, serve I

---

## L I N E S,

On revisiting the Scenes of Infancy

Few are the minds so callous and s  
To virtuous feelings, as to mark un  
The scenes of earliest youth without  
Whether those haunts in crowded ci

Still the same feelings swell the tender breast,  
As past remembrance flits across the brain ;—  
For they speak of halcyon hours fled,—  
Of careless childhood, and of giddy youth ;  
The fleeting pleasures of maturer years,  
And of the havoc made in riper age ;  
They speak to us of tender parents dead,  
Now mouldering in the silent grave ;  
Of friends who are, perhaps, now rambling  
In some distant land, or as much exil'd  
By circumstance or time.

Fairer scenes all may have view'd than those  
On which our eyes first rested, or our  
Reason dawn'd ; but in them we only see  
What native forms imagination heightens :  
They want that interest deep and powerful,  
With which our very lives seem interwin'd,  
And which gives, to e'en a humble home,  
A powerful claim upon the feeling heart.  
Something there is of serious thought,  
In drawing near to what was once a father's house,  
Whether his arms are open to receive  
The darling child of his affections,  
Or, chilled by death, he's laid beneath the sod.  
Oh, how many a wild tumultuous wave  
Rolls o'er the human mind, banishing

Or even one moulded in guilt, and  
By oft-repeated crimes, even to him  
One *spot*, one *little spot*, will still  
Consecrated to the purest love  
A faulty human heart can ever be



## LINES,

*Occasioned by a Nest being destroyed,  
disconsolate on the spot for*

FROM A CORRESPONDENT—

SHAME on the heedless, cruel  
That dared thy nest destroy

Poor pair ! ye mourn and linger yet,  
 Still musing o'er your home ;  
 Oh ! cannot ye the grasp forget  
 That sentenc'd you to roam ?  
 Swiftly quit this spot of sadness,  
 And seek a home of peace and gladness.

Robin, Robin, cease thy cry,  
 Quickly to the greenwood fly ;  
 Seek the loveliest—deepest glade,  
 Buried in the leafy shade ;  
 There, upon the topmost tree,  
 May'st thou build at liberty—  
 There, thy feather'd friends among,  
 Freely may'st thou chant thy song ;—

There, all noisy tumult quelling,  
 Joy and love shall fill thy dwelling ;  
 Happiness on thee and thine,  
 Through thy leafy roof shall shine.  
 Hid from mortal eye and ear,  
 Thy children peaceful thou shalt rear.

Foolish Robin, hie thee home—  
 Never from thy wild wood roam ;



O that I could wing my  
Like thee, to hail the source  
O that I could care defy,  
From every mortal sorrow fi  
Robin, I could envy thee,  
Happy bird ! so light and fi  
Robin, careless, gay, and wi  
Freedom's happy, roving ch

## THE POETIC WREATH.

TO \*\*\* \*\*\*\*.

TWINE a wreath of leaves and flowers,  
 Typical of poet's powers!—  
 Rose of bright and blushing hue,  
 Weeping drops of sparkling dew!  
 Emblem—ah! how apt and meet  
 Of all that's tender, all that's sweet!  
 Now place roses, white and chaste,  
 Type of pure and classic taste;  
 Weave the lovely flowers between  
 Leaves of laurel-evergreen:  
 Leaves of evergreen, to say  
 How verdantly shall live the lay.  
 No storm of time, or critic blasting—  
 The rose shall flourish everlasting!  
 Wreathe around young sprigs of bays,  
 To figurate immortal praise.  
 And here and there, enshrouded, place  
 That flower of modesty and grace,

One blossom more I dar  
Among that garland brig  
Hide thou within that le  
The peerless flower—" I  
The lovely bud, I pray t  
And prize it for the donc  
Kindly then accept from  
This flowery wreath I w  
Thine the roses, red and  
Thine the lily of the val  
Their leaves for thee the  
And that last, sweetest b

## A NEW YEAR'S DAY SONG.

*By Mrs. Fletcher.*

THERE is wintry cold and snow  
 At home, on mount or lea ;  
 With us, 'tis summer's glow,  
 As we sweep the Indian sea.  
 Last year, around some hearth,  
 Where now this place is filled,  
 Sat each, partaking mirth  
 That now to him is stilled.

The blazing Christmas fire  
 Is but a name of cheer,  
 As from foe or dæmon dire  
 Should we shrink if it were here :  
 And robes defying cold,  
 Are but treasures in the north ;  
 From the muslin's snowy fold  
 We languidly look forth.

Our Sun too fiercely bright,  
 When westward sink his rays,  
 How start we with delight !  
 How bless each breeze that plays !  
 Aye, every gusty air,  
 Though brined by spray and billow,  
 Is wooed, as never were  
 Sweet winds from rose and willow.

Closed doors, and shutters fast,  
 The joys of winter eve,  
 They are numbered with the past;  
 Or, when the heart would weave  
 Some fond memorial spell,  
 (For some beloved one nigh,)  
 Of all that distant dwell---  
 Are remembered with a sigh !

Do they think of us to day ?  
 Amid their new year glee ;  
 Will old wishes find their way  
 To their wanderers o'er the sea ?  
 They know not where we are---  
 With the near ones do we share ?---  
 Do they drink "The dear and far,"  
 With a fond and silent prayer ?---

They do ! Our own, our own,  
 Where'er their homes may be ;  
 And their hearts are not alone,  
 We pledge them from the sea !  
 "Health, health, and double love  
 Wherever love we owe"---  
 Alas ! none answer, but above  
 The clouds---the waves, below

---

## AN EXTRAORDINARY LADY.



The principal building between those occupied by the troops and the city of Meerut, is the residence of the Begum Sumroo, a most celebrated and extraordinary lady. She is, I believe, eighty years of age, and in possession of more acuteness of intellect and readiness of action, than any woman ever enjoyed. She was in her youth a celebrated beauty, and a dancing girl at Patna, where she captivated a Swiss adventurer in the native service, whose name has been corrupted into Sumroo. She has been the principal actress in many a strange scene, and on more occasions than one has placed herself at the head of her troops, to lead them into action. Many of the stories told of her are so terrible, that I hope they may be, if not quite false, very greatly exaggerated. She obtained so great an influence over her husband, that he swore he would never survive her, and if any accident should cause death, the moment it was reported to him should be his last, for he would instantly put an end to himself. She determined to take advantage of the oath her fascinations had drawn from him, and being anxious to get rid of him, drove him to commit suicide. In the course of a march that they were making together at the head of their army, *her palanquin* being some distance behind his, she

nd her and burst  
irected others to  
r husband, wav-  
“The Begum is  
Begum is dead!”  
heard it than he  
When the Begum  
he rose from her  
ack, galloped up  
to obey her, for  
very diminutive  
f her command-  
pearance. She  
of the Europeans,  
built a handsome  
her territory, and  
n Italian, in her  
ation likely to be  
e has not long ago  
uming to censure  
d. On occasions  
t, and is handed  
highest officer of  
re to caricature so  
d no bad subject.  
et high, consider-  
hite muslin scarf  
silk trousers, lean-  
essed figure, sur-  
form as humorous

## FIELD FLOWERS.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

YE field flowers ! the gardens eclipse ye, 'tis true,  
 Yet wildings of nature, I doat upon you,  
     For ye waft me to summers of old,  
 When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,  
 And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,  
     Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams  
 Of the blue Highland mountain and echoing streams,  
     And of broken glades breathing their balm,  
 While the deer were seen dancing in sunshine remote,  
 And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note  
     Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune  
 Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June :  
     Of old ruinous castles ye tell,  
 Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,  
 When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,  
     And your blossoms were part of her spell.

E'en now what affections the violet awakes ;  
 What lov'd little islands twice seen in the lakes,  
     Can the wild water lily restore :  
 What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,  
 And what pictures of pebbled and minnowey brooks  
     In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,  
 Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,  
     Had scathed my existence's bloom,  
 Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,  
 With the visions of youth to revisit my age,  
     And I wish you to grow on my tomb.



## FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship ! too oft thou'rt but a name  
Too oft I've found thee so,  
When sad misfortune bow'd my frame  
Thy aid thou didst forego.

I've found thee fickle, insincere,  
No succour would impart;  
Oft hast thou forced the briny tear,  
And wrung my aching heart.

No more thy syren voice I'll hear,  
From thee I wish to sever;  
No more to thee direct my prayer,  
But banish thee for ever.

No more, false friend, I'll seek thy aid  
No more by thee I'll be betrayed.

*ENIGMA.*

Come now, my muse, extend thy aid,  
While I attempt to sing,  
While verdure crowns both hill and mead,  
And vales with music ring.

O'er hills and plains behold me fly,  
O'er continent and ocean,  
While clouds appear in yon bright sky,  
And fly with rapid motion.

There's not a creature on this ball,  
But I attend thro' life ;  
On rich on poor, on great on small,  
Quite free from noise or strife.

Where'er you roam, or ride or walk,  
What ever thing you do,  
Whether you sing, laugh or talk,  
I mimic well 'tis true.

With one hint more I'll close my lay,  
You'll soon my name define ;  
I point to man the time of day,  
When glorious Sol doth shine.

## SIR WALTER SCOTT.

---

Sir Walter Scott used to repeat the following lines, as an ancient inscription found at Melrose Abbey:—

“The earth goeth on the earth, glistening  
The earth goes to the earth sooner than  
The earth builds on the earth castles;  
The earth says to the earth—“All sh

## THE PARTED.

---

Though nothing can be more honourable than opulence acquired by industry, it often happens in a large manufacturing town, that individuals spring from a penurious origin to the possession of enormous wealth, without acquiring those generous habits of thinking and feeling with alone can render affluence respectable. Pinched and scorned in their early days, they contract a notion that the opposite of all evil is in the mere exemption from poverty, that all men who do not make money are either imbecile or dissolute, and that they are in no danger of offending against any of the rules of life, if they only keep their gold from waste.

Old James Bisset was a person of this kind, who flourished a considerable number of years ago in Glasgow—a city which, though containing many men who have alike gained fortunes by honourable means, and enjoyed them in a creditable manner, must necessarily

acterised in the  
lual we are al-  
all shopkeeper.  
gible industry,  
principal share-  
ich line of basi-  
literally beyond  
ost pertinacious  
small screened  
was ready, with-  
l on all occasions  
g air would he  
resented to him !  
e coldly, would  
ot very much in  
ented by a some-  
by means of bills  
nly rendered the  
as sure to have  
own phrases) of  
wer accordingly  
ugh to sink the  
ust convenient."  
ently entered into  
r capital, then,  
rit, whatever his  
trade, it was—  
e first time I saw  
appened to come  
; to a clerk, and I  
rossed the floor.

---

There he was, with his neat person, marked with a dash of the antique—his substantial west of England black *stand of clothes*, small silver buckles at the knees, clear black shoes, and white scanty hair—the very beau-ideal of a close careful man, of rigid uprightness and propriety in all things, but—no feeling. If, thought I, this man hath a daughter, how difficult to get a man good enough for her! If he have a son, how impossible for that son to “be every thing that his father could desire!” In this man’s estimation, the world must be a scene of almost unmixed unworthiness. Not one man in five hundred will be any thing in his eyes. If the whole of mankind were worth a plum each, it would be paradise once more. But there being few so very *good*, it must be like the doomed city, with not nearly a sufficient exception of respectability to save it from general contempt. How, thought I, would this man act if he had a child in the situation of Belvidera, or Juliet, or Ophelia!—for, strange as it may seem, even this hardened mass of feelingless clay might quite well, in the course of nature, be the father of some being, matching, in softness, and affection, and sensibility, all or any one of those creatures of the imagination.

There were, as I afterwards learned, some circumstances in the family of Mr. Bisset, which had tried his heart in a way not far different from what I was supposing—but found it wanting. He had but one daughter, Anne, who had married a person of her own rank some years before, when her father was as yet but a rising and struggling man. This person,

whose name was Inglis, prosecuted business for years with success, but eventually, owing to the rise in his style of living, which the ambition of his wife demanded, in order to keep pace with her father's advancing greatness, while that father would never render his son-in-law the least assistance, he became—to use a well-understood phrase of delicacy—unfortunate. The ruin of the son-in-law produced hardly a changed muscle in old Bisset. He only remarked, one day, that he had never had any very good opinion of that frequent advertising practised by Mr. Inglis, and had often told him so, but without effect. “And then his own extravagance,” said the old gentleman, with a generous forbearance of all further explanation. This coldness, however, would not do. Bisset soon found that Inglis could not support his daughter and his grandchildren; and he therefore allowed himself the luxury, and claimed from the world the merit, of doing his son-in-law the great kindness of setting him once more up in business. His advances, however, were in such a form as to give him a complete dominion over Inglis, so long as they were not repaid—a power he exercised to its fullest extent, in pertinent and querulous interferences in every movement made by his son-in-law. The consequence was, that the young man lost heart, and really became guilty of the very errors which Bisset wished him to avoid. His business, which at first showed some symptoms of revival, began to decline; ordinary obligations were answered with some difficulty; and *application* was made for further advances to Bisset,

who, so far from granting them, was only incited to look the more sharply after what he had already given. Finally, to gain some paltry preferences upon the estate of his son-in-law, he forced him a second time into the pit of ruin, from which, of course, a second redemption was not to be hoped for. "Far better," said Bisset, "to support my daughter and her family by a direct outlay, than vainly endeavour, at an infinitely greater cost, to keep her up through the means of that rascally dog of a husband."

Inglis, who was in reality a man of good disposition, though of a soft and rather indolent character, was never able, after this event, to hold his face up in the world. Mortified more by the cruelty of his wealthy relative than even by his disagreeable position in mercantile society, he sunk for a time into dissipated habits, and was accordingly given up for lost by all his former friends. The world was at the same time partly aware of the severity with which he had been treated, and seemed fully disposed to pity and befriend him; but, as it invariably happens, any good that might have arisen from this state of public feeling, was neutralized by the impossibility of relying upon the conduct of the man himself—for how can any employer, or any one who has credit to dispense, depend upon the behaviour of a tippler?—a man who may to-day contract obligations with the full and conscientious design of fulfilling them honorably, but whose best resolutions may be dissipated to-morrow before the temptation of that meanest of all indulgences, a dram! Thus Inglis went down,



failure ; he pretended that he could not er  
look upon a man who had injured him so mu  
whose conduct was so far from reputable  
daughter he proposed to take home into  
house, along with her children, amounting to  
number, but only on the strict understanding  
was never again to meet her husband.

Mrs. Inglis was one of a somewhat uncomm  
of women, but who, nevertheless, *are* a class  
tame, and self-indulgent ; capable of disc  
carefully the most of the minor duties of l  
even, perhaps, notable for good general bel  
but who are totally unfit, when called upon  
upon high and self-denying principles. Her l  
she liked well enough ; but then she liked he  
too. She would have been well content to c  
living with her husband ; but then his circum  
were not such that she *could* live with him. .  
children—what was she to do with them ?  
she not rather to leave her husband, in order to

who could never see wrong in either her sayings or her doings ; while he, whom she had sworn never to part from, for any thing that the world could give or take away—the father, too, of those children—the being with whom she had once seemed to share an absolute community of existence, was scared away from her as a noxious weed, and left to find his own solitary and cheerless way through the world, with no hope except in the correcting vengeance of that Deity whose laws she had so shamelessly violated. Inglis now became a thorough prey to fortune. For a while, but only a little while, after their parting, his wife was worked upon by his written solicitations to send him small sums of money, which she had saved from the allowance made to her by her father ; and she even ventured, on one occasion, at the risk of being turned out of her splendid house, to pay a stolen visit to her unhappy partner, at a time when he was supposed to be dangerously ill. Soon, however, even this intercourse ceased. Exposed every day to hear her father's sentiments respecting Inglis, she insensibly became hardened towards him, looking upon herself, and her children, and her father, as as forming a particular system by themselves—one of great magnificence, and unimpeachable virtue and propriety—and her husband as a poor and disreputable object, which was quite alien to the former. Then came a time when even the sight of him in the streets was sufficient to wither all her enjoyments, and she would shrink away from the accusing spectacle, like a murderer from the sight of blood—think-

was still, let her do what she would, a p—  
self. Then came a time when her children,  
up to observation of the world, would ask  
also, as well as their companions, had a fa  
and where was he?—and would they ever s  
—and would he bring them home playthir  
other fathers whom they named, who were b  
home?—questions that, like lashes, brou  
away a piece of the very flesh along with it  
rather by the humiliation they inflicted, t  
feeling of remorse. One day the eldest g  
contrary to custom, had been permitted t  
into the town, came home quite breathless  
prise and haste, saying that she had been se  
the street and hurried into an alley by a ho  
ing man, who called himself her father, an  
on kissing her several times, which, whe  
sisted, with cries that alarmed some people  
passing, he set her down hurriedly, and  
out of sight, leaving her, she said, with h  
Still greater care

my father!" And, on her involuntarily turning to the object thus indicated, her eyes were met by another pair, so wild, so mournful, and so full of painful meanings, that she had hardly breath to ask the coachman to drive on.

A time at length came when this very child was seized with what appeared a mortal illness. Both mother and grandfather were watching over her, expecting her to breath her last. At the height of sorrow, a hurried but subdued knocking was heard at the outer door, and presently after there arose the sound of a scuffle between the servant and some one who wished to make a forcible entrance. "Shall I not see my own child?" cried a hoarse and broken voice, which, all altered as it was, they knew too truly to be that of the unfortunate Inglis, and presently after he burst wildly into their presence. The lady fainted, and, while Bisset stood trembling with rage in the middle of the floor, the desperate man approached the bed of the dying infant, whom he took tenderly up in his arms, and kiased with the most affectionate fervour. "What right—by what—what right," cried Bisset, almost choking with passion, "do you make this intrusion? Sir, I tell you, you have no right to be here." And he stopped, from absolute inability to command his voice. "I have a right to be here," replied Inglis, after having carefully laid down the child. "Your house, perhaps, and yourself, and those staring servants there, are not in any way under my control; but to this child, sir, I *have* a right. Sue is mine, by the laws of God and

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You know  
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g, if his pas-  
Inglis, ap-

parently reformed, now proceeded to Edinburgh, where he had no evil reputation to contend with, and, on the strength of a small sum communicated to him, in a letter of partial kindness, by his wife, opened a school for such branches of education as he found himself qualified to teach. The attempt, though unprosperous at first, was beginning to be attended with some small share of success—his manners being, at the same time, observed to continue quite irreproachable—when he was seized by a severe chronic disease, which disabled him for a whole winter, and left him, at the return of spring, without a penny in his pocket, or a pupil in his academy. His life, after this disaster, was one unbroken scene of distresses, pecuniary and otherwise; and, but for the slender succour which was occasionally rendered to him by the good will, rather than the ability, of his poor neighbours, he must have died of hunger. The unfortunate always herd with the unfortunate; the unfortunate are to the unfortunate almost a sole refuge and shelter; the unfortunate alone can judge of and feel for the unfortunate; while no other can properly be to them either a companion, or a benefactor, or a judge. Inglis, while deserted by a wife, the crumbs of whose luxury would have been to him an ample furnishing, and overlooked by all men who were once his equals, found in those who were nearly as destitute as himself, the only friendship he ever experienced, the only true sympathy for his condition, the only alms that any one would give. Blessings, double blessings, be on the generous poor!

alleviation of his many troubles. He found  
be, upon the whole, a man of an inoffensive char  
of some acuteness of mind, and with more th  
average information, but outworn with past ex  
and the attrition of a perpetual grief. He  
little of his misfortunes or of his family; but on  
being rather more depressed than usual, as  
cause being asked, he said he had just heard t  
second son, whom he had not seen for many  
was about to come to the capital, for the purp  
studying the bar, and being certain that the  
man would be there without ever inquiring :  
father, or perhaps being aware of his existen  
had experienced more than usual distress of  
from the consideration of his extraordinary c  
stances. My friend could not help acknowl  
that, even after enduring so much, a new c  
stance, involving so unnatural an association of  
might well be expected to give him addition  
easiness.

even informed of their loss ; his name was "never heard."

God, however, in due time, seemed (as far as mortals might be permitted to interpret his decrees) to manifest his sense of this unholy violation of one of his earliest and most solemn injunctions. The children, in whom the mother and grandfather took so much delight, were one after another snatched away by the various diseases of childhood and youth, till not one was left to console their age, or inherit the wealth which had so absurdly been hoarded for them. The loss, it may well be supposed, was mourned with tears of double bitterness, for it was impossible to take such a calamity as an occurrence altogether within the ordinary course of nature. The lady was so much exhausted by her exertions for her children, that she took ill immediately ~~after~~ the death of the last, and, mental anguish aiding in the progress of her malady, she did not live many weeks. Bisset, who apparently had never thought it possible that he should outlive his daughter and so many blooming children, was, by this event, struck with a kind and degree of grief altogether foreign to his nature. He yet survives—but only as a spectacle to excite the pity of those who know him. Palsied, fatuous, and blind, he is nothing but a living block ; nor can all his gold, immense as it is in amount, reflect one consoling ray on his decline. His wealth, which, if well used, might have spared him the life of the only being he ever loved, and kept other hearts besides



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## LYRICS OF HOME.

*By H. F. Chorley.*

## THE BIRTH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

You'RE welcome, tiny stranger,  
 So long expected here ;  
 You're welcome to this world of ours,  
 With all its joy and fear :  
 If angels bless your cradle  
 With friends in plenteous store,  
 And with a spirit bright and free—  
 'Twere sin to ask for more.

Oh, since the days of Adam,  
 Was never such a child !  
 Before you well were born an hour,  
 You looked about and smiled ;  
 Your eyes are twin blue flowers,  
 That at the dew-fell close ;  
 Your voice the laugh of summer wind,  
 That nestles in a rose :

Your dimpled cheeks are softer  
 Than the white dove's downy wing ;  
 Your little hands like tender leaves  
 Of the curling fern in spring ;

**My blessing to you, dearest :**  
**If some are born so gay**  
**They mock at every chance and ill**  
**That meets them on their way—**  
**Be yours a lot so joyous ;**  
**And, oh, where'er you be,**  
**Aye keep a corner in your heart**  
**For lonely ones like me !**

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## THE BRIGAND AND HIS WIFE.

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"Poor Jacopa!" sighed Cessaria, as she stood at their evening rendezvous, "what a peaceful soul he is; but why loiter in his vineyard, and let me wait thus? I finished all my embroidery, and yet kept time. Hist, this must be he; ah! no, the Virgin shield me."

Alas! she was in the arms of a brigand exquisite, the terror and admiration of all Naples. Without saying a word, he lifted her on his steed, and galloped to his mountain fastness; where confiding her to the care of an old woman, he left his prize to repose. Next day the dismayed girl was mocked by his "begging permission to pay his respects." "Sig-wora," began the good-looking young thief, as he entered, "if, as yet, you lament of having no friends of power to rescue you, hear me swear by the body of Bacchus, and the soul of St. Anthony, that I would accept no ransom for so fine a woman. The peasant to whom you are betrothed might have had the honor of losing his life in your defence, had he been true to his appointment. No gentleman would outrage.



mise to Jacopa, —

you were born to be Guiseppi's chieftainess, to  
on velvet, and wear nothing but diamonds ;—b  
Pope's eye-brow, I'm serious."

Ceasaria pictured to herself the despair o  
lover ; she wanted her liberty, and prayed to th  
gin again, not that she forgot the ill success o  
last petition, but—no matter. She fared luxuri  
in idleness, to which she was unused. The  
Mouna Petrina inflamed her fancy with tales o  
captor's daring. After any victorious exp  
would lay his plunder at her feet, and with a  
sion of complements, beg but a kiss of her h  
return ; yet gratitude scarce sufficed to silen  
scruples, though she was soon resigned enoug  
trusted out of doors. Then, as she saw the E  
laying in wait for travellers, 'neath a projectin  
his glittering arms and picturesque costume,  
" Ah ! if Jacopa had been

rich jewels, laces, and sattins, tempted her eyes; but among them she recognized a scarf, which she herself worked for a wealthy lady, who had also employed Jacopa. She might hear news of him,—convey some comfort to his constant heart! perhaps escape. She begged to see the fair prisoner, who, expecting in the robber's mistress a hardened profligate, dared not raise her eyes, till her husband named Cesaria. "Is it possible?" cried the lady; we feared this, but when the sum named for our liberation arrives, we will augment it, that you too may depart, as my maid; for, don't be shocked, Jacopa, after crying like a woman for one week, married the well-dowered widow of your late neighbour, the tailor."

A triumphant laugh followed this announcement. Cesaria, all blushing tremor, exclaimed, "Insolent, selfish Guiseppi."

"Am I?" he retorted, with a proud yet softened air, "while, though vowing by Our Lady's necklace that I love thee, I here offer to set thee free."

Cesaria looked at her patroness, then at her conqueror, faltered forth "that fool Jacopa," threw herself into her worthier lover's arms, and, next day, became "The Brigand's Wife."

*CHARADE.*

When Strephon was slighted by Stella the  
And his suit was by her rejected,  
Disconsolate and sad the swain did appear  
His countenance sadly dejected.

My first then he did, it afflicted his frame,  
His strength with his health did decay,  
To a grim tyrant he a victim became,  
And his body was lain in the clay.

So death by second 'tis said was produc'd  
By Eve's and by Adam's temptation,  
And to this very day, the Scriptures do sa  
We suffer a sad degradation.

Join those parts, and my whole will plain  
Be delicious and pleasing to sight,

## I SAW HIM ON THE MOUNTAIN.



I saw him on the mountain,  
 Then smil'd the spot more fair ;  
 I heard him by the fountain,  
 Sweet melody was there :  
 For oh ! his voice seem'd tun'd to be  
 Love's softest music, dear to me.

I met him by the wild wood,  
 Where, near the clust'ring shade,  
 Together in our childhood  
 In innocence we play'd :  
 And dearer still the scene will be,  
 Since there he breath'd his love to me.

He talks to me of beauty,  
 He claims me for his bride !  
 I must not fail in duty,  
 Nor leave my father's side :  
 Yet may I live, in hope to see  
 His own sweet home, a home for me.



## THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT.



When I heard some prisoners tried at the Bailey, I was particularly pleased with the manner in which the judge summed up the evidence for when any matter was at all doubtful, he invariably directed the jury to give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt. This was generous, and contrary to the frequent practice of mankind, who are too ready to judge harshly of their neighbours, and to see things in the darkest point of view against those who have had the misfortune to transgress, in any

CHAPTER II. — THE PRISONERS.

in the morning, when I wake, which may be at eight, nine, ten, eleven, or twelve o'clock, I may fancy perhaps that it is time to get up, but I am rather sleepy and heavy, and I am not quite certain that I have had rest enough, (for some constitutions require more sleep than others,) so I give myself the benefit of the doubt, and doze away another hour or two—till at length I am absolutely tired of lying in bed; and then, as there is no doubt to take any benefit of, I get up, and am in a most amiable humour, and not cross and crabbed as those poor creatures are who leave their beds before they have had their natural rest. When I am once up, it frequently occurs to me that I ought not to spend the day in idleness, but to give myself seriously to some occupation; but so many various modes of occupying myself are presented, that out of that multitude I know not which to choose; then, in the midst of my perplexity, I bethink myself that while some of mankind are best employed in action, others are most profitably employed in contemplation, and if I have any doubt as to which of the two I am most fitted for, I immediately take the benefit of the doubt, and give myself to contemplation, and thus I find myself most amiably disposed. If I have a necessity to visit any distant part of the city or suburbs, and if I think that the walk may do me good, I peradventure also fear it may be too much for me, thereupon I give myself the benefit of the doubt, and take a cab,—this preserves my equanimity of temper; and I am not fretful and peevish as those who are over-fatigued invariably are. If I meet in the

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...and my wants are more  
public-house ; thereupon I give my  
the doubt, and keep the money in ;  
comfort myself with the pleasing  
have not in any way contributed  
hypocrisy, or to promote intempera  
thing more effectually tends to mal  
than the possession of a good consc  
pleased with myself for not having  
in assisting an evil-disposed person  
of vice. If I receive two invitatio  
such things will sometimes happen—  
invitations should be accepted on t  
while the other has claim upon t  
weigh with great diligence the ar  
sides, and as with all my skill I find  
put the matter beyond a doubt, I  
benefit of the doubt, and accept the

gets a customer, and is in any degree of doubt as to the distance which he has driven him, he always gives himself the benefit of the doubt, and charges the outside of his possible claim. When a client comes to a lawyer who sees the hopelessness or wickedness of the case, but as it is just possible that there may be a chance of success, the lawyer pockets the fee, giving himself the benefit of the doubt, and goes to work for his client as craftily or honestly as may be. When a gentleman has been dining at a public dinner, and goes to look for his hat amidst a host of others, and doubts which is his own, he gives himself the benefit of the doubt, and takes the best that he can find. When a public-spirited and patriotic gentleman gets into parliament, all for the good of his country, and when a measure is proposed which may not, and when a vote one way would do himself no good, and a vote the other way would, he gives himself the benefit of the doubt, and votes accordingly. When a physician has attended a patient for some weeks, and there seems to be no farther occasion for his services, and no need of any more drugs; yet as it is possible, notwithstanding all favourable appearances, that there may be a relapse, he gives himself the benefit of the doubt, visits the patient once more, and administers another dose. When a shopkeeper has an article of doubtful quality, and a customer of doubtful sagacity, he forthwith gives himself the benefit of the doubt, sells the doubtful article, and puts it beyond all doubt, that some folks are more easily imposed upon than others. When



party or otherwise, and when  
commit depredations on a neighbour's  
one of them feels a little hesitation and a  
tentious qualms as to the matter, and has  
as to whether he may not do better by  
from plunder; but being rather partial to  
knowing that if he does not steal them,  
have any, and doubting whether, after a  
any such mighty great crime in stealing a  
he gives himself the benefit of the doubt,  
to his party. When a cab-driver or a w  
taken two or three fares successively in  
boat, and finds, after the departure of t  
tomer, a purse at the bottom of the cab  
he knows not to which of the three it belo  
circumstances the readiest way of settling  
is to give himself the benefit of the doubt  
purse into his own pocket. When a

have no opportunity for the exercise of our judgments, and we should have no use for that beautiful and graceful quality called discretion.

Sir Roger de Coverley was very right, when he said, "There is a great deal to be said on both sides." Does not every body see, that if there were nothing to be said on one side, there could be nothing said on the other? And if there were nothing to be said on either side—there would be nothing said at all; and perhaps very little done. It is impossible to imagine any thing so stupid as an unanimous world, or so dull as a life without a doubt. They, therefore, are guilty of much cant, and of great display,—I may say, an unnecessary display of stupidity, who express a wish to have every thing brought to a certainty; they would have a completely drab world—there would be neither hue, nor colour, nor complexion about it. We should all trot on in the monotonous stupidity of hackney-coach horses with blinkers on their eyes—they have no benefit of doubt; for when they feel the whip, they know they must move, if they can; and when they feel the tug of the bit, they know they must stand still. They have no doubts—their orbit is not eccentric—they indulge in no extravagances. Truly, there is a great benefit in doubting; and had it not been for the benefit of the doubt, you, gentle readers, would not have had the pleasure of reading this paper. So doubt no more that doubt is good.

Deck'd in the robes of innocence,  
Behold! I do appear,  
To beauty I have some pretence,  
I greet the opening year.

Tho' storms assail my tender fran  
My modest head I rise,  
And smile upon the dreary scene,  
'Neath winter's frowning skies

Ye fair, your lovely breasts I grac  
An emblem, it is true,  
Of charms that shine forth in you  
Attracting mortals view.

Those charms, like mine, will soc  
Howe'er exalted high,  
A lesson to the proud and gay,  
To teach them they must die.

*CHARADE.*

My first oft fires the human breast,  
And glows with fervour there ;  
Oft times it causes sad distress,  
Amounting to despair.

My second creeps with rapid pace,  
Upon all things below,  
It marks with wrinkles mortals face,  
Which time doth plainly show.

My whole you'll find, and quickly name,  
It is a plant deserving fame.



He comes not—I have watched the moon  
But yet he comes not—once it was not so.  
He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow  
The while he holds his riot in the town.  
Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep  
And he will wake my infant from its sleep  
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.  
O! how I love a mother's watch to keep  
Over those sleeping eyes, that smile, when  
My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fixed is  
I had a husband once, who lov'd me—now  
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,  
And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,  
As bees, from laurel flowers, a poison sip;  
But yet I cannot hate—O! there were hours  
When I could hang for ever on his eye,  
And Time, who stole with silent swiftness  
Strewed, as he hurried on, his path with flowers  
I loved him then—he loved me too---My  
Still finds its fondness kindle, if he smile  
The memory of our loves will ne'er depart  
And though he often sting me with a dart  
Venomed and barbed, and waste upon the  
Caresses, which his babe and mine should

MUSIC.

" Music alone can soothe the heart,  
When nought but Sorrow 's there ;  
Can heal misfortune's aching smart,  
And banish every care."--

---

" Music, indeed, hath many charms,  
And makes the heart beat free ;  
But it can't quiet all alarms,---  
Nor banish thought of---*THEE* !"

---

" Then turn thee, Time, another course  
 Dispel the folly, supersede the wrong.  
 By knowledge, reason, love, and firmness  
 Without the flow of fratricidal blood,  
 Ruin, or injury, or worldly loss  
 To those who now in just possessions ro  
 But so arrange the industry to come,  
 That each may reap the harvest of his to  
 Nor longer see the rich, like idle weeds,  
 Fatten and blossom midst the famine wi  
 And priestcraft flourish o'er the poor ma

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS





## THE MAZEPPA

OF

LORD BYRON.

---

" We rustled through the leaves like wind,  
 Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind.  
 By night I heard them on the track,  
 Their troops came hard upon our back,  
 With their long gallop, which can tire  
 The hounds' deep hate, and hunter's fire.  
 Where'er we flew they followed on,  
 Nor left us with the morning sun.  
 Behin ! I saw them, scarce a rood,  
 At day-break, winding through the wood ;  
 And through the night had heard their feet  
 Their stealing, rustling step repeat.  
 Oh ! how I wished for spear or sword,  
 At least to die amidst the horde,  
 And perish—if it must be so,  
 At bay, destroying many a foe."

---

Mine own, my own, oh ! breathes there one  
To whom that simple word's not dear ?  
Beats there a heart so drear and lone,  
That holds not some lov'd object near ?  
Whose spirit, like the arkless bird,  
From all companionship has flown,  
And finds no gladness in that word,---  
Mine own ! my own !

Who, dull to every finer tie,  
To every soft affection cold,  
Lives on in cheerless apathy,  
And in his very youth seems old !  
Though frequent cares my mind enthrall,  
Could wealth, mere earthly wealth, atone  
For the sweet beings lost, I call  
Mine own ! my own !

No ! time may still but speed to show  
How false is hope's delicious song,  
And many a sorrow I must know ;  
But oh ! sweet Heaven, may it be long  
Ere those I love from me are gone,

## THE HEADSMAN'S TALE.

---000---

The tale of Balthazar was simple but eloquent. His union with Marguerite, in spite of the world's obloquy and injustice, had been blessed by the wise and merciful Being who knew how to temper the wind to the shorn lamb. "We knew we were all to each other," he continued, after briefly alluding to the early history of their births and love; "and we felt the necessity of living for ourselves." Ye that are born to honours, who meet with smiles and respectful looks in all ye meet, can know little of the feeling which binds together the unhappy. When God gave us our first-born, as he lay a smiling babe in her lap, looking up into her eye with the innocence that most likens man to angels, Marguerite shed bitter tears at the thought of such a creature's being condemned by the laws to shed the blood of men. The reflection that he was to live for ever an outcast from his kind, was bitter to a mother's heart. We had made many offers to the canton to be released *ourselves* from this charge; we had prayed them—

change was dangerous, and that what must come to pass. We could not be burthen we found so hard to endure ourselves go down for ever as a curse upon our race.

"Herr Doge," he continued, raising his voice in the pride of honesty, "it is well for the the possessors of honours to be proud and privileges, but when the inheritance is one of and scorn, when the evil eyes of our fellows us, the heart sickens. Such was our lot when we looked upon our first-born. The weight of him from our own disgrace was uppermost in our bethought us of the means." "Ay!" interrupted Marguerite, "I parted with my silenced a mother's longings, proud not might not become the tool of your ruthlessness gave up a mother's joy in nourishing and bringing her young, that the little innocent among his fellows, as God had created equal, and not their victim!" Balthazar

Sigismund into their keeping. After which, a feigned death, and a private burial, did the rest. The deceit was easily practised, for as few cared for the grief, as for the happiness of the headsman's family! The child had drawn near the end of its first year, when I was called upon to execute my office on a stranger. The criminal had taken life in a drunken brawl, in one of the towns of the canton, and he was said to be a man that had trifled with the precious gifts of nature, it being suspected that he was a noble. I went with a heavy heart, for never did I strike a blow without praying God it might be the last; but it was heavier when I reached the place where the culprit awaited his fate. The tidings of my poor son's death reached me as I put my foot on the threshold of the desolate prison, and I turned aside to weep for my own woes, before I entered to see my victim. The condemned man had great unwillingness to die: he had sent for me many hours before the fatal moment, to make acquaintance as he said, with the hand that was to dispatch him to the presence of his last and eternal Judge." Balthazar paused; he appeared to meditate on a scene that had probably left indelible impressions on his mind. Shuddering involuntarily, he raised his eyes from the pavement of the chapel, and continued the recital, always in the same subdued and tranquil manner. "I have been the unwilling instrument of many a violent death;—I have seen the most reckless sinners in the agonies of sudden and compelled repentance, but never have I witnessed so wild and fearful a struggle between earth

and heaven—the world and the grave—passion and the rebuke of Providence—as attended the last hours of that unhappy man! There were moments in which the mild spirit of Christ won upon his evil mood 'tis true, but the picture was, in general, that of revenge so fierce, that the powers of hell alone could give it birth in a human heart. He had with him an infant of an age just fitted to be taken from the breast. This child appeared to awaken the fiercest conflicting feelings; he both yearned over it and detested its sight, though hatred seemed most to prevail.” “This was horrible;!” muttered the Doge. “It was the more horrible, Herr Döge, that it should come from one who was justly condemned to the axe. He rejected the priests; he would have nought of anyone but me. My soul loathed the wretch—yet so few ever show an interest in us—and it would have been cruel to desert a dying man! At the end, he placed the child in my care, furnishing more gold than was sufficient to rear it frugally to the age of manhood, and leaving other valuables which I have kept as proofs that might some day be useful. All I could learn of the infant's origin was simply this. It came from Italy of Italian parents; its mother died soon after its birth; its father still lived, and was the object of the criminal's implacable hatred, as its mother had been of his ardent love; its birth was noble, and it had been baptized in the bosom of the church by the name of Gaetano. There remains but *little more to say*, Herr Doge. The fatal hour arrived, and the criminal was transported to the place

where he was to give up his life. While seated in the chair in which he received the fatal blow, his spirit underwent infernal torments. I have reason to think that there were moments when he would gladly have made his peace with God. But the dæmons prevailed! he died in his sins! From the hour when he committed the little Gaetano to my keeping, I did not cease to intreat to be put in possession of the secret of the child's birth, but the sole answer I received was an order to appropriate the gold to my own uses, and to adopt the boy as my own. The sword was in my hand, and the signal to strike was given, when, for the last time, I asked the name of the infant's family and country, as a duty I could not neglect. 'He is thine—he is thine—' was the answer; 'tell me, Balthazar, is thy office hereditary, as is wont in these regions?' I was compelled, as ye know, to say it was. 'Then adopt the urchin; rear him to fatten on the blood of his fellows!' It was mockery to trifle with such a spirit. When his head fell it still had on its fierce features, traces of the infernal triumph with which his spirit had departed!'





## THE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEM.

I'll sing you a good old song, that was made  
old pate,  
Of a fine old English Gentleman, who had a  
And who kept up his old mansion at a bount  
With a good old porter to relieve the old poe  
Like a fine old English Gentleman, all of t

His hall so old was hung about with pikes, a  
bows,  
And swords, and good old bucklers, which h  
good old blows ;  
And 'twas there " His Worship " sat in sta  
and trunk hose,  
And quaff'd his cup of good old sack to co  
nose,  
Like a fine old English Gentleman, all of t

Yet all, at length, must bend to fate! so like the ebbing  
 tide,  
 Declining gently to the last, this fine old man he died ;  
 The widows' and the orphans' tears bedew'd his cold  
 grave's side,  
 And where's the scutcheon that can show so much the  
 worth and pride  
 Of a fine old English Gentleman, all of the olden time'

But times and seasons though they change, and customs  
 pass away,  
 Yet English hands and English hearts will prove Old  
 England's stay ;  
 And though our coffers mayn't be fill'd as they were wont  
 of yore,  
 We still have hands to fight, if need, and hearts to help the  
 poor  
 Like the good old English Gentlemen, all of the olden  
 time.



## DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

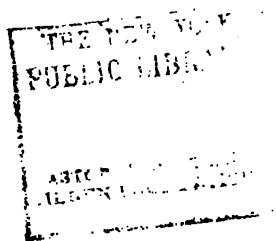


Few dynasties have been so unfortunate as the Lombards. Alboin its founder had reigned the sceptre four years, when he became a victim of domestic treason: the manner is worth recording as characteristic of the people. During his expedition into Pannonia, this valiant chief had overthrown and slain Cunimond, king of the Gepidæ, in conformity with a barbarous custom of the country he had fashioned into a drinking cup. Alboin had married Rosomund, daughter of Cunimond; and in his festive entertainments he was by no means disposed to forego the triumph of displaying his prowess. He had the inhur-

prince, she had recourse to an expedient which proves that in hatred, as in love, woman knows no measure. Personating a mistress of Peredeo, she silently and in darkness stole to his bed, and when her purpose was gained, she threatened him with the vengeance of an injured husband, unless he consented to become a regicide. The option was soon adopted, and accompanied by Helmich, Peredeo was led to the couch of the sleeping king, whose arms had been previously removed; and after a short struggle, the deed of blood was consummated. The justice of heaven never slumbers: if Alboin was thus severely punished for his inhumanity, fate avenged him of his murderers. To escape the suspicious enmity of the Lombards, the Queen and Helmich fled to Ravenna, which at this period depended on the Greek empire. There the exarch, coveting the treasures which she had brought from Verona, offered her his hand, on condition that she removed her companion. Such a woman was not likely to hesitate. To gratify one passion she had planned a deed of blood, to gratify another (her ambition) she presented a poisoned cup to her lover in the bath. After drinking a portion his suspicions were kindled, and he forced her, under the raised sword, to drink the rest. The same hour ended their guilt and lives. Peredeo, the third culprit, fled to Constantinople, where a fat, no less tragical awaited him.

---

Of Prejudice it has been truly singular ability of accommodating sible varieties of the human mind and vices are but thinly scattered and find only here and there a fit home. But prejudice, like the spider, makes home. It has neither taste nor color all that it requires is room. The situation, except fire and water, in which it cannot live. So, let the mind be as bare as of an empty and forsaken tenement; let it be hot, cold, dark, or light; let it be inhabited; still prejudice, if undisturbed, will live, like the spider, on cobwebs, and live, like the spider, on nothing to live on. If the





## THE MAZEPPA

OF

LORD BYRON.

---

"A trampling troop, I see them come !  
In one vast squadron they advance.

I strove to cry—my lips were dumb.  
The steeds rush on in plunging pride,  
But where are they the reins to guide ?  
A thousand horse—and none to ride !  
With flowing tail, and flying mane,  
Wide nostrils—never stretch'd by pain ;  
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein ;  
And feet that iron never shod ;  
And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod.  
A thousand horse—the wild, the free,  
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,

Come quickly thund'ring on,  
As if our faint approach to meet,  
The sight unnerv'd my courser's feet ;  
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,  
A moment with a feint low neigh,

He answer'd, and then fell :  
With gasps and glaring eyes he lay,  
And reeking limbs immovable,  
His first and last career is done !

---



NIGHT'S FAIREST FLOWER.

---

Night's fairest flower  
 Blooms o'er my bower,  
 Blossoms and perfumes fall from the trees;  
 Love's star is peeping,  
 Rose-buds are weeping,  
 Sweetly their fragrance blends with the breeze

Come to that shade, love,  
 Where oft we've stray'd, love;  
 Gently the moon-beams break thro' the bough  
 And while I swear, love,  
 Each flower there, love,  
 Shall, like some Spirit, hallow thy vows.

---

## ENIGMA.

Come now, ye fair, and listen to my story,—  
I am your friend, and now appear before you;  
Tho' veil'd in mystic guise you soon will find,  
That you love me, and so does all mankind;  
Tho I'm allied unto the feathered race,  
I veil your charms and often you embrace,  
To me you come when you're oppress'd with grief,  
I soothe your sorrows, and afford relief;  
Your troubled bosoms free from dire alarms,  
Compose your spirits, and renew your charms;  
Invigorated by my balmy powers,  
You walk abroad and spend some happy hours,  
In converse sweet with those you most approve,  
With your fond lover in the shady grove,  
Till sable shades o'erspread both hill and plain,  
And Night majestic holds its sable reign.—  
In Country, Town, nay all the earth I spread,  
With all the living and with all the dead.  
In me both plants and flowers daily thrive,  
In me they live, and to perfection rise;  
The gay carnation and the blushing rose,  
In beauty clad, doth luscious sweets disclose;  
The gaudy tulip and ranunc'lus too—  
The hyacinth in me appear to view.  
When you for pleasure range the gay parterre  
You'll find, ye fair, "your humble servant" there.  
Enough I've said, unveil the thin disguise,  
Declare my name, and win the wish'd for Prize.

---

## THE BASHE

*Written by himself, in c*

I labour under a species c  
will at length drive me utterly f  
I am most ambitious to appear  
a short sketch of my present s  
will be enabled to judge of my

My father was a farmer of n  
with no other learning than wh  
a charity school; but my moth  
an only child, he determined to  
tage which he fancied would ha  
viz. a learned education, and I w  
school, and from thence to the  
view of qualifying for holy orders  
small allowance c

with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas', at Friendly Hall, dependant on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken private lessons from a professor who teaches "*groom gentlemen to dance*," and although I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to accept the Baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but alas! how vain are all the hopes of *theory*, when unsupported by habitual *practice*! As I approached the house a dinner bell alarmed my fears lest I had spoiled the dinner, by want of punctuality. Impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw at my first entrance, I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new—learned bow to Lady Friendly, but unfortunately bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels to be the nomenclature of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress, and of that description the number I believe is very small.

and to appear with perfect ease  
accident.

The cheerfulness of her lady's  
chat of the young ladies, insensibil-  
my reserve and sheepishness, till  
to join in conversation, and even  
jects.—The library being richly  
in elegant bindings, I conceived  
man of literature, and ventured  
concerning the several editions  
in which the Baronet's ideas ex-  
my own. To this subject I was  
edition of Xenophon in sixteen  
had never before heard of such  
cited my curiosity, and I rose up  
could be; Sir Thomas saw what  
(as I supposed) willing to save  
take down the book, which made  
prevent him; and hastily laying  
first volume, I pulled it forcibly  
books.

of this confusion we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy then understood that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half hour dinner bell.

In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter, at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon my face had been continually burning like a firebrand, and I was just begining to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes;—having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of the sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewed in a boiling cauldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his toes, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me,—spilling a sauce-boat and knocking down a salt celler; rather let me hasten

for a pigeon that stood near me ;  
knowing what I did, I whipped  
mouth hot as a burning coal ! It wa  
ceal my agony ; my eyes were  
sockets. At last, in spite of shan  
was obliged to drop the cause of t  
Sir Thomas and the ladies all c  
misfortune, and each advised a di  
One recommended oil, another w  
that wine was best for drawing o  
glass of sherry was brought me f  
which I snatched up with eagern  
shall I tell the sequel ? Whether  
dent mistook, or purposely desig  
mad, he gave me the strongest br  
filled my mouth, already flayed and  
unused to every kind of ardent spiri  
throat, and palate raw as beef, wi  
could not swallow ! and clapping m  
mouth, the cursed liquor squirted

considering what I did, I wiped my face with that stained handkerchief which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of the Xenophon, and covered my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The Baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his Lady in the general laugh ; when I sprung from the table in despair ; rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.





I wonder where can Willie be  
What can he be about;  
I wonder if 'twas very wrong  
To promise I'd come out,  
And meet him here, at Hea  
When all our folks were fa

I wonder if the tale they tell  
About that ghost, is true;  
Poor Mary's!—that's the very  
And there's the withered yew  
Oh! where can Willie be  
Oh! dear, I fear I'm very w

They say poor Mary's heart was  
By one she trusted long;  
Was that the raven's ugly croak  
Oh! sure, I'm very wrong.  
Good gracious! where can  
'Tis plain how much he care

I've half a mind, as Mary did,

## SHE LIVED FOR LOVE ALONE.

She liv'd for love alone,  
 No rank or wealth could ever  
 Estrange her mind from one,  
 The bonds of love to sever.  
 She'd ne'er from truth depart ;  
 The pang, the tear of anguish,  
 Might rend her gentle heart,  
 But could not make it languish—

She liv'd for love alone,  
 Though poverty oppress'd her ;  
 Its sting she ne'er would own,  
 While constant love caress'd her.  
 The passion fill'd her soul,  
 And when life fled, love sighing,  
 Bewail'd its deep controul,  
 For love itself seem'd dying—

---

## SIZE OF THE EARTH, DENSITY

—000—

The level portions of the earth view, perfectly flat; but if we critically, and for a considerable distance, that they are decidedly convex in the middle. The light of a light raised, in order to be seen at a distance. Let it be placed on a person of the common height, or rather than six feet above the surface, be able to see it at the distance ever stronger and clear the light

disappears in like manner by sinking lower and lower; only the distance at which we are required to place ourselves, to produce this effect, becomes greater and greater according to the elevation above the level of the sea. The most convenient position for a nice observation of this kind is an extended lake, when covered with smooth ice. We will suppose ourselves provided with a common leveling instrument, or any long tube capable of being fixed in an exactly horizontal position, which is easily determined by a water-level, or by being at right angles to a plumb-line. Let us suppose that the line of sight through the tube is precisely four feet from the ice, and that the tube can be turned in all directions without varying from a horizontal or level position. If we now look through the tube at an upright rod or pole, placed with one end on the ice at different distances, we shall be able to establish, in the most satisfactory manner, the following important facts:—

1. The line of sight, or *apparent level*, as it is called, departs from the surface of the ice, or *true level*, in whatever direction we look.

2. This departure, or *difference of level*, is the same in all directions as to the point of the compass, where the distance from the observer is the same.

3. The difference of level for a distance of one mile, is 8 inches.

4. If we double any distance, the difference of level is quadrupled; and if we triple the distance, the difference of level is nine times as great, and so on, according to the law of the squares; that is, the

Similar observations being made in different parts of the earth, we get the same results.

The facts above given lead to curious and striking.

1. The earth's surface is curved, or plane, and plumb-lines, or lines perpendicular to the surface, are not strictly parallel, but converge more and more, the farther they are from each other, to meet at some point within.

2. The earth appears to be curved in all directions, and the law of the curvature is the same, independent of the true level, indicating a spherical surface.

But while we have thus found the true form of the earth, we have also found that its form is not exactly that of a sphere, but that its circumference is a degree greater than that of a sphere, and that it is flattened toward either pole. We hence conclude that the earth is flattened about the polar regions.

a quicker motion of the pendulum, resulting from a nearer approach to the centre, and a greater power or gravity.

Is the earth solid or hollow, and if solid, how dense is it? Would it be equivalent to so much water, or would it exceed it, and how much would it exceed it? It may seem very difficult to answer these questions, and yet they have been answered most satisfactorily. It is now abundantly proved, not only that the earth is solid, but that the interior parts are more and more compact the nearer we approach to the centre, as we should naturally suppose. We are able to estimate the influence which a mountain exerts upon a plumb-line, by observing how much it is drawn out of the direction of an exact perpendicular; and then, by comparing the size of the mountain with the size of the earth, knowing at the same time of what materials the mountain is composed, we are able to say how much the matter of the whole earth exceeds that of the mountain. It is thus ascertained that the matter composing the earth is about five times as dense as water. Now we know that the matter near the surface is, for the most part, either water or earthy and stony substance, only two or three times as heavy as water. The density of the interior parts, therefore, must greatly exceed that at the surface, in order that the average may amount to five times the density of water, as is ascertained by actual observations.

It may be thought that the above method of determining the quantity of matter in a mountain is liable

twisting and untwisting of an extremely  
pended perpendicularly,\* by which (t  
dency (or relative weight) of two bal  
been accurately estimated and comp  
force exerted by the great mass of th  
delicate experiments have afforded a sta  
tion of the result above stated.

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\* A balance of this construction, ap  
forces, has been estimated to weigh to the  
part of a grain.

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